

The Tragedy of Hamlet

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church,

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize,
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*

Will you doe this? keep close within your chamber,

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,

Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the same

The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,

And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not perule the foiles, so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chule

A sword unbated, and in a pace of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;

And for the purpose Ile annoint my sword:

I bought an unction of a Mountebanke

So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare

Collected from all Simples that have vertue

Under the Moone, can save the thing from death

That is but scratcht withall; Ile touch my point

With this contagion, that if I gall him sleightly it may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,

Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes

May fit us to our shape if this should faile,

And that our drift look through our bad performance

'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project

Should have a backe or second, that might hold

If this did blast in prooffe: soft, let me see,

Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunnings,

I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,

As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him

A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd tucke,

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they follow: your sifter's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Quee. There is a willow growes ascaunt the brook,
That shewes his hoarie leaves in the glassie streame,
Therewith fantasticke garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberall shepherds give a grosser name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call the,
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavie with their drinke
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alasse then is she drown'd?

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech afire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*;
How much I had to doe to calme his rage!
Now feare I this will give it start againe,
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when
ly seekes her owne salvation?

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